### BORNEO'S BEAUTIES.

NOT CHARMING, VIEWED FROM THE CAUCASIAN STANDPOINT.

But, on the Other Hand, They Regard White Women and Their "Toggery" with Wonder and Contempt-Notes of

Travel in a Far Country.



and I went to visit the Maharaiah of Johore (a Mohammedan prince who reigns over the southern lacca), at his we found that he was looked upon with some suspicion by his

brother Moslems, as having been guilty of the alarming heterodoxy of having only one wife instead of four. Whether he did so from choice, from the effect of his intimacy with his English neighbors at Singapore or simply because he found even one wife quite as much as he could manage, I have never been able to find out; but he did his best to make amends for this anti-Mussulman solecism by keeping the poor Maharanee as completely secluded as if she had been an entire harem.

In fact, throughout the whole of the Malay Archipelago (thanks to the supremacy of the Moslem creed and its attendant usages) women are either lapdogs or wolves-either the petted, pampered, uscless toys of a wealthy Bluebeard, or the hardy and weatherbeaten prowlers of the forest, hunting, rowing or marching along with their husbands or brothers, and very citen even more cruel and ferocious than they. Of the first class, the invisible wives of such great native princes as the rajahs of Deli and Tenom are probably very fair average specimens; of the second, samples enough will have been seen by any man who has penetrated into the Acheen mountains in Sumatra, or made his way up any of the great rivers of north

But in some parts of the latter island there is a kind of intermediate class between these two extremes, formed by the native ladies, who are too important to be allowed to run wild in the jungle like their humbler sisters, and yet not quite important enough to be immured for life amid the luxurious idleness of a harem. It is by no means an uncommon thing for the wife of some leading Dyak penghulu (chief) to make a voyage down stream" to one of the English stations, usually in order to reclaim a runaway female slave who has put herself under British protection. But whether she gets back her "contraband" or not the august visitor generally contrives to "make a big thing of it" by the presents that she receives from the English traders and officials. In this she is seldom fettered by any absurd scruples. and does not by any means "beat about the bush" for some indirect method of asking for any object that may have taken her fancy. She simply points to it and says, "Saya mow ambilitu" (1 want to take that), and in almost every ease she does take it sooner or later. But as a rule such gifts take the form of others most acceptable to a lady of

Malay race, viz., tobacco. Toward the end of last year two of these Malay countesses presented themselves at the headquarters of an English official who was then making a kind of "progress" through the interior of north orneo. They had come down the river in a boat in pursuit of an escaped slave and applied to the "Kapalla Inggrez" (English head man) to have her given back to them.

The two proved to be mother and daughter, the latter being named after the favorite daughter of Mohammed himself, Fatmeh, or Fatima (a name which, for that reason, is as common in the east as that of Mary in Christian lands), while her mamma rejoiced in the poetical title of Ghulaub (the rose). The young lady-who was still quite a girl in years-was rather pretty in spite of her coarse, lank hair and coffee colored complexion; but the mother had evi-



HE GAVE THEM TOBACCO.

dently (like Asiatic women in general) faded as rapidly as she had matured. The ladies did not succeed in getting back their fugitive housemaid, but s few packets of Chinese tobacco bestowed upon them by the British commissioner did away with all ill feeling, and at their departure they smilingly pronounced him to be "orang bawnia bai" (a man who was very good).

exception rather than the rule in that almost the whole interior of the island. amid the deadly swamps and gloomy pent, and the buffalo, and the fierce, long armed, tawny "orang utan" (man

A few mouths ago, when the British and he wasn't axin me any of them im-

wife, to the penghulu of Domingol-a large Dyak village several days' journey from the sea-a party of Tingaras came down the Kwarmotch from a region in which no European has ever set foot, the navigation of the higher river being obstructed by the Malay Niagara, which has lately been christened Alexandra falls, where the whole river plunges headlong over a precipice of 120 feet The English official hearing of their coming, sent to invite them to a conference with him, but the Tingara gentlemen, who had evidently been doing something that would not bear inquiry held a "bichara" (an untranslatable Malay word answering to the west African "palaver") to consider the mat-HEN Mrs. Ker ter, and finally decided, by the advice of a shrewd old chief, to keep their own skins out of harm's way and send a dep-

utation of women in their stead. Accordingly the ladies of the forest appeared in a body early one fine morning outside the Englishman's tent, and a very officer sight they were. Their peninsula of Ma- | toilet was not elaborate, consisting chiefly of a gray monkey skin around the loins, beautiful palace but its scantiness was amply atoned for into the same entegory.

These men play the court jester to the which they wore. Every woman of the group carried enough brass wire about her to fit up a telegraph station-brass wire around her neck, brass wire around her waist, brass wire around her wrists and ankles, and more brass wire still twisted in her hair, thrust through the lobes of her ears or fastened around the ciple of sympathetic imitation governs the longhit to say before closing this letter place where her forehead ought to have character of plays. After somebody disbeen if she had happened to have any.

One of the Tingara beauties-who, being the wife of a chief, probably set the local fashions-seemed very proud of her headdress, which was a kind of coronet or tiara of large colored beads strung upon wires, placed on the crown of the head and hanging down like a fringe over the upper face. The same



VIEWING THE WHITE WOMAN.

lady had her shaggy black hair done up at the back in a kind of club, and, as if this were not enough of itself, supplemented it with a bona fide chignon of dried grass almost as big as a young

None of them having ever seen a white woman before, the Tingara belles were aroused to a high pitch of excitement by their first view of the English lady, around whom they crowded with eager curiosity, pointing and chattering like a gang of excited monkeys, and examining her as closely as if she had been some newly discovered kind of wild beast. They inspected minutely the arrangement of her clothes and hair, and eyed both with an air of wondering contempt which plainly showed how vastly superior they considered their own toilet

But to the eye of any outside observer this confidence would have seemed very ill founded. The gaunt, long armed, apelike forms of these Malay beauties; their greasy, dark brown skins; their coarse, straight, black hair; their bony, high cheeked, skull-like faces; their small, deep set, cunning, restless eyes, and and Mr. Gus Thomas are honestly strange when one learns that she is paid their teeth, black as coal from the trying to write plays, but they are up in \$4,000 a performance for singing to them. and their teeth, black as coal from the hideous to the last degree. Nor was their aspect much improved by the frightful deformity of their ears, which, as is the custom with nearly all the inland tribes of Borneo and with some of the Sumatra Malays likewise, had been gradually dragged down by the weight of their heavy earrings of beads and brass wire till the tip of the fleshy part actually touched their shoulders!

But in spite of their hobgoblin aspect, these unwashed Eves of the Kwarmotch turned out to be very simple, harmless, good humored creatures, as easily amused as children and with even more than a child's love of sweets of every kind. They were hugely delighted with the supply of well sugared tea which was promptly set before them by their hostess, and deyoured with every mark of satisfaction three or four big dishes of native cakes. made of rice flour, sugar and cocoanut paste and strongly flavored with cinnamon. They expressed great surprise and delight at the prompt action of some wax matches which were shown to them, their own most usual way of striking a light being to scrape a dry chip of bamboo with a broken potsherd, and their joy knew no bounds when the lady presented them with a box of the wonderful "fire sticks" which they had just been admiring and had hailed with loud cries

of "ilmu! ilmu!" (magic, magic). Finally, after having received as a parting gift two or three handfuls of cigrettes and a number of gay colored handkerchiefs, the "Blackhide Susans" went off in high glee. At their departure there was a general chorus of "Orangorang, pooti orang-orang bai" (the white men are good men), and, as we afterward learned, they gave such a glowing account of their reception that I am daily expecting to hear of the opening of an Anglo-Tingara trade. David Ker.

Funny Incidents at Marriage Services Some funny stories are told about the marriage service in the Isle of Man. One of them relates how an old man, brought rather unwillingly to the altar. could not be induced to repeat the responses. "My good man," at length exclaimed the clergyman, "I really cannot marry you unless you do as you are told.' But such aristocrats as these are the But the man remained silent. At this unexpected hitch the bride lost all padreadful "utan" (jungle) which fills up | tience with her future spouse and burst out with, "Go on. Sanit after him just the same as if you was mockin him." thickets of which the deer, and the ser- The same difficulty occurred in another case. The clergyman, after explaining what was necessary and going over the of the woods) may still roam at their responses several times, without the pleasure. The few human tenants of smallest effect, stopped in dismay, this hideous region are in perfect keep whereupon the bridgeroom encouraged ing with the grim solitudes which they him with "Go ahead, pass'n, go ahead! inhabit, and it would be hard for any thou'rt doin bravely." Upon another ocoutsider, when looking for the first time casion it was, strangely enough, the at a group of Tingaras or Tunbunwhas. woman who could not be prevailed upor to decide whether the palm of ngliness to speak. When the clergyman remonshould be awarded to the women or to strated with her, she indignantly replied: "Your father married me twice befoor,

The Famous Dramatic Critic Discusses Theatrical Events.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—There are three or exact, Mr. Daly would not have had to four Merry Andrews in the amusement take him out, for she would have wiped world who walk over the people with imperious tomfoolery. They are jolly modern juggernauts, and I ought to say the people throw themselves under their wheels with of modern farce comedy brica-brac it a mad fenity to fun that is almost pagan.

De Wolf Hopper is one of these, Dixey nsed to be, and Francis Wilson is another.
You may, if you please, put Mr. Harrigan

Manager Daly does a new play this week.

that theatrical entertainments run like and Miss Cayvan and "Miss Helyett" bite dynamite disasters, in cycles. The printer their lips. country centered itself on war plays.

of Music has been converted into a cirque. animals and clown are now roofed for the

on got his "Lion Tamer" on we saw it was the same attempt—the same spangles, the same sawdust, the same hoop-la—but all "Alabama" bears the same

emy swims in the clive oil of drama.

But throughout this ragout is the piquant flavor of Francis Wilson like the pervasive capsicum. To say that he ever Tamer." you have gone from a poem to a for one moment attempts to act would be pageant. That's all. NYM CRINKLE. poignant injustice to the purpose and pretense of the Merry Andrew. He does bet-ter. He skylarks. He has tied the chorus to the caravan and reinstated Mr. Merryman and the monkeys, and if you will only accept his postulate that it is opera, every-thing goes swimmingly and music gets in a long time that has not been a farewell.

the benefit of a masquerade.

"The Lion Tamer" was the thestrical success of last week. The big Broadway theater creaked and snapped with the pressure of people, and after all Mr. Wilson is the postulate. The people go to see him fill the shining interstices of this merry mob with Francis Wilson. He may be called the cement that holds the cereony together. A kind of unformulated idolatry reigns when he appears, and the

people begin to throw themselves under his tomfoolery.

That he can make the disciplined heart glad is doubtful, but the popular heart is not disciplined. It is content to be diverted, and I suppose you have heard that Barnum swayed the hearts of his country men with a hundred old cages in a line properly lit. He used to say: "Let other ple make their laws. I am content to ike their programmes." The form of entertainment so resplen

dently shown in "The Lion Tamer" is and has been for a long time the form that catches the multitude in this city. Mr. Harrigan has built a temple of his own out of it. Miss Lillian Russell stands like an oriental goddess in the front of it, holding her pink skirts up so that we can see "Opera" emblazoned on her black stock-ings. A few men like De Mille and Howthe parlor with the lights turned down and the shutters bowed, entertaining a all paid by her managers. few invited guests, while Hoyt and Jo seph Arthur and the rest of them are hav ing open house in the kitchen with the servanta

Mr. Harrigan, who has just furnished a new variation of his old themes and called it the "Last of the Hogans," shows signs of being frayed along the edges of his imag ination. The last piece could not escape the imputation of being warmed over. of the scraps were recognized as having

But I am bound to say that the table was beautifully garnished. The candelabra was resplendent, and the town having asnbled to see the new piece reminded me of a funeral at the Little Church Around the Corner, where nobody has time to think of the deceased, for everybody is too busy

Mr. Harrigan is the inventor of the hap py device of amalgamating the nigger and the Irishman. His patent makes Stephen Foster and Dion Bouckauit walk the earth in a perennial vandeville.

If you think the folk songs of the plantation died with Dixie, go and hear Mr. Dave Braham still pouring them out. If you want to see all the ebullient cussedness of negro minstrelsy doing the double shuffle under the banner of the indigenous drama, go to Harrigan's.

If you want to see the immemorial Irish-man of the Fourth ward outside of the Fourth ward, you have got to visit this

asylum for him. It's astonishing how the town revels in the menage, when the animals are safely

A good many other fellows have tried to keep the grave of minstrelsy green, and wandered off into paresis. Mr. Harrigan alone stands radiant in the cemetery and makes the ghosts go round.

Somewhere up in the chair of the temple there is Italian opera. You can hear some of the strains of the "Trovatore" and the Jan. 23. "Prophete" leaking through journalism. But the doctringires call it "Abbey opera. and the Wagner critics, as a rule, pretend to be very much astonished when you tell them there is opera in town.

The name of Patti also glimmers in the week and the season reminds me of a tle and pate in impatience and waits for

Why shouldn't we call Patti an after Of course I'll go up like everybody else to the Metropolitan malt house before she goes and let her hypnotize me. She'll and roll her wicked eyes instead of her top note, and show her plumage instead

her ramage and wink at a high C, and we'll all swear we heard it. Patti deserves well of the coming gener-

"Semiramide" and the "Traviata" but for her, for the Wagnerites buried them hurriedly-too hurriedly, perhaps, for some of the arias stick out.

What do you suppose musical New York is doing just now, when it is not lionizing Paderewski? You never can guess aright. You will say it is "listening to that voice ring out from the dungeon tower," or it is revelling in the coronation music of the

governor of one of the const settlements perent questions at all."—London Saturing a visit, accompanied by his day Boview.

Notsense. It is trying to agure out con up purposely for the occasion.—Bostor it is the commercial metropolis. We Herald.

throw music up like a silver dollar to set if it has the trade ring.

And drama is very much like an assas-sination—when something happens you ask

who's the woman? It's pretty sure to be Rehan or Patti or Lillian Russell. I don't know whether I dare to tell you that Miss Rehan is not as good in some things as she is in others. Manager Daly draws the line at that. But the unex-NEW YORK PLAYS AND PLAYERS. the vitals of idolatry. I saw her sweep the very ordinary Petruchio of Mr. Drew into oblivion with her skirts. She might have Francis Wilson's New Opera, "The Lien stead of the Katherine of Shakespeare. Tamer," a Pleasant Hash of Music she was more like an army with banners and Mirth—The Inimitable Reban and than a dainty Kate. But it was superb. the Divine Patti.

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The Divine Patti.

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The Daily had to take Mr. Drew out—or rather, to be

> looked like one of Mr. Daly's private offices, in which every piece of old armor is deco-

That is the genteel theatrical event of the hour. It is called "The Cabinet Minister." public, and none of them is so specially en-dowed to do it as Mr. Francis Wilson, who what it is called—it was known beforehand has just produced at the Broadway theater an expensive and glittering masque, which he calls "The Lion Tamer." that it would not go. In that respect the public back up Mr. Daly with a gladsome alacrity And here I ought to say in a parenthesis that makes the managers of Lillian Russell

covered the skirt dance every playwright offered us starlight, but no stars. You bent his material to that focus. After Mr. know what I mean. Twilight would be a Howard had produced "Shenandoah" the better name for the pensive tone of "Alaentire play constructing ability of the bama" Everything has the subdued charm Just now somebody has struck the idea whose opinions are worth anything now of putting a circus on the stage—tent, concede that Mr. Gustavus Thomas has lion tamers and sawdust. The Academy got the American material down to the Corot tone. The whole picture is in gray Street parade, double trapeze, paper hoops, tints and emits only semitones. But its effect is abiding and we have got to recogwinter under the protecting ægis of the nize Mr. Thomas as an artist. The other drama, and the parade becomes a play.

Presto! The moment Mr. Francis Wil
vexed question about literature in drama without arguing in the magazines. He

"Alabama" bears the same relation to swimming in the deceptive mayonnaise of the other current dramas here that a nocopera, just as the other arena at the Acad- turne of Chopin's bears to a military

This Is Not Patti's Farewell. The most remarkable thing about Mme. Patti's present visit to America is the fact that she has announced that it is not her



ADELINA PATTL

but she has actually announced that she expects to sing in the United States every year for many years to come. She says she likes Americans, which is not particularly

He Was a Famous Circus Man. When James E. Cooper was fifteen years

where he died the

other day-Phila-

one, and soon sold

bought a small

for it. Then



line in Washington. In a few trolled every om-His circus career JAMES E. COOPER.

was marked with the same success that had characterized his life as an owner of omnibuses. Between 1866 and the time of his death (when he owned the Forepaugh show) he was successively the partner of Dan Rice, James A. Bailey, P. T. Barnum, W. W. Cole and James A. Hutchinson. It is said that be never made but one enemy, and that was a trick mule. Every one who of property worth several millions.

SPORTING NOTES.

Stansbury, the Australian eculier, will sail for America in March to race Teemer, Jake Gaudaur and William

By the baseball compromise Fred Pfeffer, of Chicago, loses a salary of \$7,900 promised him by President Williams, of the Chicago Association team.

The indoor championships of the Metro-politan association, A. A. U., will be held at Madison Square garden, New York,

George Cart wright, of Bridgeport, Conn. won the six days go-as-you-please walking match at St. Louis, with a score of 500

Water polo is again popular in New York city this winter.

Phosphorescent Infection.

The curious discovery has been made that the phosphorescence frequently exhibited by many species of the crustaces is infectious. A French naturalist, M. Giard, has traced the phosphorescent light in Talitrus to bacteria in the arus cles, these muscles always showing signs of disease. On incoulating healthy individuals the same luminous appearance was produced. Each and every inoculated specimen, however, died within seventy-two hours. -- St. Louis Republic.

The Smith college girls were different ly affected by Yale's victory over Har vard at the annual football game. Som draped their rooms in black and went to the church the pert day dressed in deep mourning, and one fasted all day Sun day. Those who bet on Yale gave : "Prophete" and felicitating itself on the banquet, where his queen and the wall the table decorations blue and the wall Nonsense. It is trying to figure out how | paper one of solid blue, bought and put

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It told the ending of the night, The happy dawn of freedom's day And overland there flashed a light Of brotherhood and human right, The end of kingly sway. Oh, how the good old bell sang out

Of liberty and freedom's birth!
From east to west, from north to south
The message of its metal mouth
Rolled all around the earth! It told the birthright of the race.
The glory of the brave and free.

And pealing from its sacred place It set the whole wide world ablaze With dreams of liberty.

Alas, it atters now no sound, But yet its echoes ring sublime, Its resting place is holy ground, Where Freedom stalks in salemn 'round Until the end of time. nis Sverre Amonson in Philadelphia

Inflammable Goods.

"My business here is to sell things," remarked a middle aged salesman to his friend, as he made a memorandum of a cash sale in his book: "and of course I expect to sell whatever goods people ask for, if I have them in stock. But I do wish the wouldn't come here and buy Canton flannel for curtains and draperies. There is nothing that I sell that makes me so uncomfortable as this. I have had some frightful experiences with these goods, which I suppose have made me unusually nervous about them There is nothing in the whole range of dry goods so infiammable as the fine grades of Canton flannel. I have had the house set on fire repeatedly because some one lighted a lamp in the vicinity of a Canton flannel drapery. I used to be very fond of this sort of goods, but there is nothing that would induce me now to put up a yard of it in my house. If you want to understand the occasion of my fears, just take a bit of the stuff and hold it near the flame of a lamp The blaze will travel over it faster than a prairie fire. I have sometimes thought I would positively refuse to sell the goods, but people want them; and I suppose no one would thank me for advice on the subject."-New York Ledger.

Sparrows and Blackbirds.

Birds, notwithstanding their attractiveness in plumage and sweetness in while her traveling and hotel expenses are | song, are many of them great thieves When nest building they will steal the feathers out of the nests of other birds and are often much inclined to drive off other birds from a feeding ground even where there is abundance. This is especially true of one of our greatest favor delphia. Three ites, the robin redbreast, who will peck years later he and run after and drive away birds owned a bigger much bigger than himself.

Very different as the robin and the sparrow are in other things, they re semble each other in this. On an early spring morning, when a little touch of frost still made the surface of the earth hard, I have seen a blackbird on a lawn at last after great efforts extract a worm, and this was the signal for a crowd of sparrows, who, by dint of numbers, managed to drive away the blackbird and carry off the worm, to feed their own young ones, no doubt.-Cassell's Maga-

Descendants of Some Noted Men.

It is noteworthy what a number of men eminent in the era 1861-65 are now represented only in the female line of descent. Neither Abraham Lincoln nor Jefferson Davis has a living grandson. Neither has Andrew Jackson, Thurlow Weed nor Horace Greeley, General Hancock's one son left behind him only a small daughter. There is no represen tative of General Scott's name. A singular parallel runs betwirt two Confederate generals, Stonewall Jackson an John Morgan, prince of raiders. Each died before the war ended, leaving one fair daughter. The two girls grew up married happily, bore each a daughte and died soon after giving birth to s second child.-New York Press.

Criminal court lawyers always like to have their cases on the first two or three days of the term if possible. The reason is that the jurors in many instances are fresh and green at the work of listening to evidence, and invariably show more sympathy for the persons on trial than they have after they have sat for a couple of weeks.

Jurors in the general sessions cour are chosen to try cases for a month Every term there are always some who have never been in the court before while of course others have had plenty of experience and are adamantine. the young lawyer at the beginning of the month dwells on the sympathetic side of his case and resorts to all tricks such as bringing the weeping wife int court, and tells the juries of the terrible results of a term in state prison.-New





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PAID UP CAPITAL. .

LA REGALONCITAL dance a good deal better than most of the nal dancers of the day. She was born in Chili, where her father was a phy sician. He came to this country two years ago, but soon returned to Chili, leaving his

wife and children in New York.

His wife found it hard to make both ends meet and taught Mildred to dance and recite, accomplishments for which she had shown much telent. But as soon as their relatives learned that little Mildred was to appear in public a family quarrel was tarted which occupied a good deal of space in the s space in the new-papers. Mildred's grand-pape, the late Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, was once a prominent New York clergy man. Mildred's professional name is La

Semiannual Experience. Wife (after house cleaning)-It takes a woman to bring order out of chaos. Husband (rushing wildly around after his belongings)-It takes a woman to make a chaos that looks like order .-New York Weekly.

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